England Fair
—AT—
CESTER, MASS.,
r 3, 4, 5 and 6, 1889.
he New England Agricultural Society, in con-
y-First Annual Fair of the Worcester Agricul-
FERED IN PREMIUMS.
nd Live Stock will close August 10th.
NG, President.
ANIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.
K, Local Sec. and Treas., Worcester, Mass.
S AND GENERAL AGENCY OF THE EAST, FOR THE
LEY CUTTERS
r Ensilage or Dry-fodder. All sizes from the hand-machine up to the
t powerful Cutter ever built in any country. Possess all the latest
d safety Fly-wheel. Ensilage-cutters are one of the specialties of
ural Works, over Syracuse under the same management.
MINARD HARDER, Proprietor, Cobleskill, N. Y.

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1889.*

WILLIAM H. WHITTIER, JR., Executor of the last will and testament of RELIEF BAMFORD, late of Fayette, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account as executor of said will for allowance:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1889.*

EXEY HERSOM, widow of JOSEPH HERSOM, late of Belgrade, in said county, deceased, having presented her application for allowance out of the personal estate of said deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively, in the Maine Farmer, printed in Augusta, in said county, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court to be held at Augusta, on the second Monday of August next, and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

KENNEBEC COUNTY....*In Probate Court, held at Augusta, on the second Monday of July, 1889.*

On petition for the appointment of LEMUEL WORCESTER, Administrator on the estate of JOHN JONES, late of Rome, deceased:

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the second Monday of August next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Probate Court then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

H. S. WEBSTER, *Judge.*
Attest: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 35*

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the subscriber has been duly appointed Executrix of the last will and testament of THEODORE A. SAUNDERS, late of Augusta, in the county of Kennebec, deceased, testate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the estate of said deceased, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to

ANGENETTE C. SAUNDERS.
July 8, 1889. 35*

THE GLORY OF MAN
STRENGTH. VITALITY!
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
KNOW THYSELF.
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood,
EXHAUSTED VITALITY
AND
UNTOLD MISERIES
Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or Overtaxation. Enervating and unfitting the victim for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation. Avoid such fearful revelations. Do not neglect this work. It contains 300 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful bound, embossed, full gilt, Prize, only $1.00 by mail, post-paid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illustrative Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M. D., received the GOLD AND JEWELLED MEDAL from the National Medical Association, for the PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confidentially, by mail or in person, at the office of THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all orders for medical or letters for advice should be directed as above.
1yr47

PISO'S CURE
AUBURN DRUG & CHEMICAL CO.
PISO'S CURE
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PISO'S CURE
LOOKING THROUGH THIS YOU WILL AT ONCE DISCOVER THE OBJECT I.E. TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THIS IS THE BEST COUGH CURE.
LIQUIDA
American Farm Law.
A work that every Farmer, Business Man, Board of Select Men, Town Clerk, Justice of the Peace and Trial Justice in the State should have. Compiled in the simplest manner by HENRY AUSTIN, Esq., of Boston, Mass., member of the Suffolk Bar. Second edition, just published. A limited number of copies of this useful work for sale at the office of the *Maine Farmer*. Sent by mail postpaid to any address for TWO DOLLARS each copy. This work is highly recommended by the Press throughout the country. We take pleasure in recommending it to our subscribers, and to all others in need of such a work.
BADGER & MANLEY,
Prop'r Maine Farmer, Augusta.
Feb. 1, 1889. 13tf

FOR SALE.
One 65 acre farm, 4 miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta; young orchard, well watered and wooded, good buildings and excellent land. Price $2000.
One 65 acre farm, 3¼ miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta; good land, good buildings, well watered. Price $1700.
One 60 acre farm, 4 miles from Kennebec bridge in Augusta, fine place. Price $1600.
One 140 acre farm in Vassalboro, 9 miles from Augusta; splendid land, sugar orchard, spots of shade of agricultural value, well watered and wooded, two sets of buildings in excellent repair; cuts 30 tons of hay. Price $4000.
One 275 acre place in Somerville, 15 miles from Augusta; good land, large lot of wood and timber, well watered, two sets of buildings in fair repair. Price $1400.
Also a number of other places varying in price from $500 to $4000.
Also a large number of houses and lots of land in Augusta, varying in price from $400 to $4000.
Apply to
E. W. WHITEHOUSE, Atty., P. O. Box 28, Augusta, Me.
April 27, 1887. 24tf

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK,
ORGANIZED IN 1848.
Assets, Feb. 1, 1889, $5,190,758.98.
Surplus, $321,678.17.
TRUSTEES—Wm. S. Badger, Thomas Lambard, Artemas Libbey, Samuel Titcomb, J. H. Manley.
Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month.
Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August.
Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential.
Deposits received from married women and minors. 49tf WM. R. SMITH, Treasurer.

FISTULA treated without the use of the knife or detention from business, also all other diseases of the Rectum. Cure guaranteed. WM. READ (M. D. Harvard 1861), and ROBERT M. READ (M. D. Harvard 1876). Read House, No. 178 Tremont Street, Boston. Inference given. Consultation free. Send for pamphlet. Office hours, 11 A. M. to 4 P. M. (Sunday and holidays excepted.) 1y14
PILES

THE MAINE FARMER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, BY
BADGER & MANLEY.
OFFICE: WILLIAMS BLOCK, WATER STREET,
Within two doors of the Bridge.
TERMS: $2 Per Annum, in Advance.
FREE OF POSTAGE.
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THE YEAR, $2.50 WILL BE CHARGED.
TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
For one inch space, $2.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notices, $1.50 per inch for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.
TRAVELING AGENTS.
C. S. AYER, J. W. KELLOGG, P. W. COLE.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors. "OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN." TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

VOL. LVII. AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889. No. 38.

Fairs to Occur.

Androscoggin County Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, in September, date not fixed.
Androscoggin Valley Agricultural Society—At Canton, Irving Park, Sept. 26th, 27th, and 28th.
Eastern Maine State Fair Association—At Bangor, Sept. 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th.
Franklin County Agricultural Society—At Franklin Park, Farmington, Oct. 1st, 2nd and 3rd.
Grange Park Association—At Gray Corner, Aug. 27th, 28th and 29th.
Lincoln County Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Damariscotta Driving Park, Oct. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th.
Maine State Agricultural Society, and Maine State Pomological Society—At Lewiston, Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th.
North Aroostook Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Fort Fairfield, Sept. 3rd, 4th and 5th.
Oxford Agricultural and Mechanical Association—At Oak Grove Park, Sanford, Oct. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 4th.
Penobscot Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Frankfort, Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th.
Piscataquis County Agricultural Society—At Saco, Sept. 25th, 26th and 27th.
Sagadahoc Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Somerset Agricultural Society—At Skowhegan, Sept. 24th and 25th.
Washington Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 25th and 26th.
York Agricultural Society—At Exeter, Sept. 24th, 25th and 26th.

The wool market is quiet at the present time, though prices are still firm in all the large markets.

One of the heaviest crops of hay ever cut in the State, is the verdict of the farmers after the harvest.

An English lecturer, speaking of the future of dairying, says those who are acquainted with the subject will agree in saying that we are only touching the fringe of the knowledge and science of dairying at present.

The Governor of New Hampshire has appointed Messrs. Benj. F. Prescott and Gen. A. Mason, Trustees of the State Agricultural College, and Mr. John S. Perry of Hudge, a member of the State Board of Agriculture.

The object of the silo is to preserve the fodder for future use as needed, not to make it better. If this great fact is kept distinctly in view by the farmer, there is little danger of his being deceived or disappointed in regard to its value as an attachment to the farm.

A corrugated steel hoop has been invented, which is said to be elastic and firm, bagging a package tightly. Four steel hoops will take the place of ten wooden hoops on a flour barrel. They are cheaply produced by the aid of electricity, a hoop being welded in two seconds.

Remember the evening meetings at the State Fair. The first, on Monday evening, will be a meeting of the State Society, Tuesday evening is in charge of the Board of Agriculture, Wednesday evening the Pomological Society, and Thursday evening the State Grange, with National Master Brigham of Ohio, the chief speaker. The meetings are to be held at Exhibition Hall at the Park.

The Bay State Society makes a distinction in their premium list between Hereford and Polled cattle and other breeds, by lopping off a large number of the premiums on these, heifers and bulls of the different ages. We see no reason for this, other than that these two breeds are distinctly beef breeds, the idea is that there is no call for the encouragement of beef raising in that State at the present time. Still, this strikes at the Red Polled, which are really a good general purpose breed.

The Connecticut legislature at its late session provided for the reorganization of its State board of agriculture. The high appreciation in which the present incumbent of the office of Secretary, Hon. T. S. Gold, is held throughout the State, makes it altogether probable that the position will be again tendered to him. The men are rare indeed who are so thoroughly well qualified in all agricultural affairs as Mr. Gold. He can always be trusted as a leader and a guide, and with no danger of his going astray.

The June bulletin from the Michigan College Experiment Station is devoted to the grain plant louse, *Aphis avenæ*. This louse is similar to those which attack louse plants, fruit trees, hops, &c. This year it has made a terrible attack upon the grain fields in wide areas of the grain growing sections of the middle West where it has done great damage. The louse multiplies very rapidly. The reproduction is very curious. Only late in the season are both sexes found. The eggs hatch in spring, producing females wholly. These do not lay eggs, but bring forth from three to five lice each day. In four or five days the young lice begin to produce offspring in the same way. Calculation shows that in less than a month, if no lice died or were killed, a single louse might be the progenitor of several millions.

The Outlook.

The general field outlook on the farm has not improved for the past week, and some of the phases have certainly been the opposite of encouraging. The bad weather and heavy rains have held back the work of haying seriously, which is very discouraging as well as expensive to farmers. The rains, however, have come at such time and following so many good days for operation that no very great amount of hay has been seriously damaged. This was particularly fortunate under the circumstances. But wet weather not only delays the work, but what is still worse after grass is fully matured it greatly hastens the ripening, and the change of the grass, from the succulent appearance so desirable, to the darker colors of over-ripeness. There is however one mitigating condition which helps the matter essentially. A green bottom has sprung up among the standing grass on all good lands that adds largely to the yield and essentially helps the feeding quality of the hay. With the hay to be fed on the farm, probably the feeding value is enhanced on the whole by the delay in cutting.

The heavy rains and accompanying winds have been very injurious to the standing grain, beating it down and lodging it badly. Not a little of this would have been cut at once for fodder had the weather favored. The rust is also making its appearance, particularly on this late grain, as it is quite sure to in wet weather, and is working serious damage.

The potato crop, some fields of which are now quite ripe, is panning out all that the vigorous growth promised, and if so much wet does not follow as to start the rot, will give a good account of the crop.

Pasturage holds out remarkably good and stock of all kinds is doing well. This is favorable for the dairy work going on in the State.

It finally turns out that there will be something of a fruit crop in the State after all, though as usual after years of full crops the insects have so multiplied as to work much damage. There will be plenty of early fruit all around and trees of standard market sorts that did not give a full crop last year are bearing heavily.

The beautiful appearance of the country that has characterized the season thus far, still holds out. Foliage everywhere is remarkably fresh and perfect for this season, while field and pasture are still as green as in June, and everything in Nature wears a clean and thrifty appearance.

Yellow Clover.

The sample of clover sent to the *Farmer* office for name is known as Yellow Clover, or Hop Clover, *Trifolium procumbens*. The specimen sent is an unusually fine one, and large of the kind. This variety of clover is not plenty. Patches of it are occasionally seen by the roadside, and in other places not frequented by the plow, but very seldom, if ever, is it found in cultivated fields. The stem usually is from one foot to eighteen inches in length, though the sample sent is two feet, and like the Alsike clover, bears a profusion of heads. These heads are from five-eighths to three-fourths of an inch in length, at first of a beautiful bright yellow, shading to buff as they grow older, and finally to a brown when ripened. The plants keep putting out fresh blossoms, so that at this season and later they will be seen bearing heads in all stages of maturity, from ripeness to those fresh in bloom. The bright yellow heads present an attractive appearance to all lovers of this delicate color.

It is said the plant was introduced from abroad. J. Stanton Gould, who wrote on clovers for the New York State Agricultural Society, places it as an annual, but we question the accuracy of this classification. It has not been supposed that this clover h d any marked agricultural value. The sample before us was brought to the office by Mr. G. R. Pierce of Windsor, who says he bought it for Alsike. We were not aware that the variety had become plentiful enough in any locality for the seed to be mixed up with other varieties, and would thank Mr. Pierce to inform us to what extent he found it growing in his fields, and if mixed with Alsike.

Small Things.

To be successful a farmer must have an income. It is not enough to produce what is wanted for consumption in the family, though this is a help as far as it goes. There is above this, however, a call for money that must be heeded. To meet this call the plan should be to have something to sell at all times of the year. Poultry, eggs, beef, veal, fruit, vegetables, early and late, each in its own way, though small in the single item, yet in the aggregate may be made to substantially swell the income and aid in meeting necessary expenses. Every time the farmer goes to town something is wanted, and by proper attention something can be taken to market to meet the draft. It will never do to ignore small things. It may be difficult to cipher out that these small matters pay day wages and a profit in their production, yet the farmer is better off for having them to sell. The fact is the labor and care called for in their production is supplied in snatches of time hardly missed from other duties and which otherwise might not be employed at wages. Thus it is that the farmer can make all his time count. Attention to small things, and always something to sell will contribute much to a farmer's success. The day of small things will never be past on a Maine farm.

Butter Record Holstein Cow Lady Baker.

The following is the remarkable butter record of the Holstein Cow Lady Baker, owned and tested by Robt. W. Wales, Iowa City, Iowa. The cow was bred by W. A. Russell, Lawrence, Mass., is nine years old and weighed last June 1,590 pounds. She was fed liberally during the trial on corn and oats ground, wheat bran, and new process oil meal, and run at pasture with other cows day and night. The falling off in the record on the last day is accounted for by the cow coming in heat. The butter was unsalted.

Statement of milk and butter product of the Holstein-Friesian cow Lady Baker, 1112 HHB for seven days in June, 1889:

DATE.	MILK. Morning	Noon	Night	Total	UNSALTED BUTTER. lbs.	ozs.
June 14,	37.8	21.10	21.5	73.10	4	9
June 15,	33.10	23.5	22.3	79.2	4	13
June 16,	30.6	22.6	23.13	76.8	4	6 1-2
June 17,	30.8	23.13	22.6	76.10	5	11 1-2
June 18,	31.8	22.14	23.2	77.8	5	11
June 19,	29.14	22.2	22.3	74.3	5	3
June 20,	29.15	21.3	21.5	72.13	4	15
Total,				549.13	34	6

The Butter Extractor.

The *Butter Extractor*, referred to in the *Farmer* two weeks ago, now in operation in New York City, is attracting much attention among all who are in any way directly connected with the butter industry. The idea of taking milk fresh from the cow and extracting the butter contents from it at once, and without preliminary preparation, is such a remarkable stride to be jumped upon the business at a single leap, that it is in no sense strange that one can hardly believe his senses as he contemplates it, and that he is almost dazed with surprise as he tries to take in the situation. That this is being done effectually and well no one can question. Of course there are attending conditions to be further considered, which may prove to be objections to the system, and which will need time and further experience to perfect or eliminate. It can hardly be expected that so great a departure from former methods will be given to the world in full perfection at a single bound. That the machine extracts the butter particles effectually, and turns them out in that granular condition peculiar to this kind of product, seems to be admitted by all who have examined into its operations. There still comes in, however, the points of flavor, texture, color, grain, keeping properties, &c., which are yet to be determined. But it may pretty safely be concluded that providing the extraction proves to be complete, these minor conditions in time will be so fully reached as to meet the exacting demands of the public, or that consumers will modify their requirements in a measure to suit the new order of manufacture. The matter of a complete extraction of the butter particles reached, the invention will never go backward. All minor matters will be adjusted to the system, and former methods will pass away to make room for the new, as they have in other matters of common necessity.

The *American Dairyman*, New York, after its editor had made a personal examination of the work of the Butter Extractor, expresses its enthusiasm as follows:

"Our readers will bear us out in the statement that we are not given to going into hysterics over new inventions in the dairy field. The woods are full of failures in that line, but after giving a careful personal examination of the Butter Extractor, we may be pardoned for displaying some enthusiasm on the subject.

To our way of looking at it, this machine is as far ahead of the present cream centrifugal separator as that machine is ahead of the old dairy crock or milk pan for setting milk in. Familiar as we are with the giant strides progress has taken in the improvement of dairy utensils in the past ten years, we stood amazed when we saw the ease and simplicity with which this little machine lifted the labor of creaming milk and churning from the shoulders of future dairymen.

The *Dairy World*, Chicago, a leading dairy journal, in referring to the extractor, speaks as follows:

Its initial trial in this country certainly seems to have been attended with remarkable success, and even so conservative a paper as the *American Dairyman* soars almost into the realm of fiction in describing its wonderful performances. At any rate, all it is perhaps best to wait until it has had a more general and extended trial before rushing into a complete acceptance of its practical utility, and, while not doubting its feasibility, hold opinion in abeyance for its thorough testing under conditions varying somewhat from that surrounding a public exhibition, wherein the aim is to "put the best foot forward." We believe that the extractor extracts butter, but can it produce a good product, with flavor, grain and keeping qualities such as can compete or will prove equal to the best of butter made by existing methods? If so, the problem is solved, and butter-making will be revolutionized.

Hoard's Dairyman, Wisconsin, with its characteristic western style says that: "It makes a fellow's head swim, almost, to note what amount of labor is saved, and what manipulations and tools are dispensed with in the old processes of butter-making, if the new Extractor walks to the front, as it now promises to do."

We give these extracts to show that the highest dairy authorities in the country look upon this new invention as probably marking a wonderful stride in the progress of dairy work. We shall watch the further development of its work with much interest.

Prof. E. W. Stewart in the *Country Gentleman* tells how to quickly put flesh on either a poor, or an old animal. "Cut clover hay short, say one-half inch, take cheap molasses, and dissolve one pint in one gallon of water and sprinkle this upon 3 lbs. of the cut clover with 2 lbs. of buckwheat flour and 2 lbs. of wheat bran. Feed this amount to each horse, or animal three times a day,—commencing with a little less per day for two days. The Professor says he put 100 lbs. additional weight upon a horse, thin in flesh, in 30 days by feeding him said ration.

Fodder-Corn vs. Silage.

Some one has said, with a measure of truth, that "men are much like sheep—where one leads all are apt to follow pell-mell." Prof. Sanborn is one of the exceptions to this, and does not follow without first learning whether the would-be leader is a reliable guide. In the crazy claims that a few years ago were put forth for the silo, it is well known that he took conservative ground, and stopped to learn whether these things were actually so. His investigations have been continued, point by point, up to the present time. In the *Breeders' Gazette* of recent date, he gives the results of some of this work as bearing on the economy of the silo system, which we copy for the benefit of the readers of the *Farmer*:

In arriving at some more definite conclusion touching the best method of handling corn-fodder—whether to use it as corn-fodder dried and alone or separate from the ear, or in the form of the whole plant, as before suggested, or what is known as fodder-corn, or whether to adopt the new method of ensilage—I wish in this article to consider the subject of the whole corn plant, used as either silage or dried fodder-corn.

In considering this subject I shall give the central points brought out in Bulletins Nos. 7 and 8, recently issued by me from the Missouri Agricultural College. I shall give a little more detailed information touching its bearings upon this subject with additional information than I otherwise would, both because no farm subject has so absorbed and carried away our farmers for the past few years as that of ensilage, and because I believe I have had what has been generally understood to be the unenviable distinction among the experimenters in animal nutrition in this country, of having made the most and most conservative estimates upon the value of silage. In other words, I have not attached a specially important value to silage as against the corn-fodder dried, and have hesitated to advise its use at all for the ordinary stock-grower.

The hint of a little fogyism has been heard. The experiment of which I shall give an abstract differed in some respects from any heretofore tried, and consisted in putting one set of alternate rows of corn into a silo, while the other set were put into shocks so small that when dried through, two men could easily load them. After about ten days they were so loaded, drawn into a barn loft by the horse fork, and packed into a solid mass as close as could be conveniently done. This natural and economical method of storage in mass no other experimenter has adopted in dry storage of fodder-corn against silage. The corn was well matured for fodder-corn, or it was passing out of the dough state for sugar corn and for field corn. The two fodders giving the detailed items of cost of cutting and storage, of feed cost of the silo for the one-half, and of barn room for the other half, of the loss of each lot—the one in the silo and that in the barn—and the results of each when fed, both to cows and to steers, and the upshot of the whole inquiry.

I procured a carpenter's estimate of the cost of a wooden silo, and also of a barn to cover a yield of fodder of twenty tons from the silo, and found it in any way directly connected with the butter industry. The idea of taking milk fresh from the cow and extracting the butter contents from it at once, and without preliminary preparation, is such a remarkable stride to be jumped upon the business at a single leap, that it is in no sense strange that one can hardly believe his senses as he contemplates it, and that he is almost dazed with surprise as he tries to take in the situation. That this is being done effectually and well no one can question. Of course there are attending conditions to be further considered, which may prove to be objections to the system, and which will need time and further experience to perfect or eliminate. It can hardly be expected that so great a departure from former methods will be given to the world in full perfection at a single bound. That the machine extracts the butter particles effectually, and turns them out in that granular condition peculiar to this kind of product, seems to be admitted by all who have examined into its operations. There still comes in, however, the points of flavor, texture, color, grain, keeping properties, &c., which are yet to be determined. But it may pretty safely be concluded that providing the extraction proves to be complete, these minor conditions in time will be so fully reached as to meet the exacting demands of the public, or that consumers will modify their requirements in a measure to suit the new order of manufacture. The matter of a complete extraction of the butter particles reached, the invention will never go backward. All minor matters will be adjusted to the system, and former methods will pass away to make room for the new, as they have in other matters of common necessity.

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Some one has said, with a measure of truth, that "men are much like sheep—where one leads all are apt to follow pell-mell." Prof. Sanborn is one of the exceptions to this, and does not follow without first learning whether the would-be leader is a reliable guide. In the crazy claims that a few years ago were put forth for the silo, it is well known that he took conservative ground, and stopped to learn whether these things were actually so. His investigations have been continued, point by point, up to the present time. In the *Breeders' Gazette* of recent date, he gives the results of some of this work as bearing on the economy of the silo system, which we copy for the benefit of the readers of the *Farmer*:

In arriving at some more definite conclusion touching the best method of handling corn-fodder—whether to use it as corn-fodder dried and alone or separate from the ear, or in the form of the whole plant, as before suggested, or what is known as fodder-corn, or whether to adopt the new method of ensilage—I wish in this article to consider the subject of the whole corn plant, used as either silage or dried fodder-corn.

In considering this subject I shall give the central points brought out in Bulletins Nos. 7 and 8, recently issued by me from the Missouri Agricultural College. I shall give a little more detailed information touching its bearings upon this subject with additional information than I otherwise would, both because no farm subject has so absorbed and carried away our farmers for the past few years as that of ensilage, and because I believe I have had what has been generally understood to be the unenviable distinction among the experimenters in animal nutrition in this country, of having made the most and most conservative estimates upon the value of silage. In other words, I have not attached a specially important value to silage as against the corn-fodder dried, and have hesitated to advise its use at all for the ordinary stock-grower.

The hint of a little fogyism has been heard. The experiment of which I shall give an abstract differed in some respects from any heretofore tried, and consisted in putting one set of alternate rows of corn into a silo, while the other set were put into shocks so small that when dried through, two men could easily load them. After about ten days they were so loaded, drawn into a barn loft by the horse fork, and packed into a solid mass as close as could be conveniently done. This natural and economical method of storage in mass no other experimenter has adopted in dry storage of fodder-corn against silage. The corn was well matured for fodder-corn, or it was passing out of the dough state for sugar corn and for field corn. The two fodders giving the detailed items of cost of cutting and storage, of feed cost of the silo for the one-half, and of barn room for the other half, of the loss of each lot—the one in the silo and that in the barn—and the results of each when fed, both to cows and to steers, and the upshot of the whole inquiry.

I procured a carpenter's estimate of the cost of a wooden silo, and also of a barn to cover a yield of fodder of twenty tons from the silo, in any way directly connected with the butter industry. The idea of taking milk fresh from the cow and extracting the butter contents from it at once, and without preliminary preparation, is such a remarkable stride to be jumped upon the business at a single leap, that it is in no sense strange that one can hardly believe his senses as he contemplates it, and that he is almost dazed with surprise as he tries to take in the situation. That this is being done effectually and well no one can question. Of course there are attending conditions to be further considered, which may prove to be objections to the system, and which will need time and further experience to perfect or eliminate. It can hardly be expected that so great a departure from former methods will be given to the world in full perfection at a single bound. That the machine extracts the butter particles effectually, and turns them out in that granular condition peculiar to this kind of product, seems to be admitted by all who have examined into its operations. There still comes in, however, the points of flavor, texture, color, grain, keeping properties, &c., which are yet to be determined. But it may pretty safely be concluded that providing the extraction proves to be complete, these minor conditions in time will be so fully reached as to meet the exacting demands of the public, or that consumers will modify their requirements in a measure to suit the new order of manufacture. The matter of a complete extraction of the butter particles reached, the invention will never go backward. All minor matters will be adjusted to the system, and former methods will pass away to make room for the new, as they have in other matters of common necessity.

The *American Dairyman*, New York, after its editor had made a personal examination of the work of the Butter Extractor, expresses its enthusiasm as follows:

"Our readers will bear us out in the statement that we are not given to going into hysterics over new inventions in the dairy field. The woods are full of failures in that line, but after giving a careful personal examination of the Butter Extractor, we may be pardoned for displaying some enthusiasm on the subject.

To our way of looking at it, this machine is as far ahead of the present cream centrifugal separator as that machine is ahead of the old dairy crock or milk pan for setting milk in. Familiar as we are with the giant strides progress has taken in the improvement of dairy utensils in the past ten years, we stood amazed when we saw the ease and simplicity with which this little machine lifted the labor of creaming milk and churning from the shoulders of future dairymen.

The *Dairy World*, Chicago, a leading dairy journal, in referring to the extractor, speaks as follows:

Its initial trial in this country certainly seems to have been attended with remarkable success, and even so conservative a paper as the *American Dairyman* soars almost into the realm of fiction in describing its wonderful performances. At any rate, all it is perhaps best to wait until it has had a more general and extended trial before rushing into a complete acceptance of its practical utility, and, while not doubting its feasibility, hold opinion in abeyance for its thorough testing under conditions varying somewhat from that surrounding a public exhibition, wherein the aim is to "put the best foot forward." We believe that the extractor extracts butter, but can it produce a good product, with flavor, grain and keeping qualities such as can compete or will prove equal to the best of butter made by existing methods? If so, the problem is solved, and butter-making will be revolutionized.

Hoard's Dairyman, Wisconsin, with its characteristic western style says that: "It makes a fellow's head swim, almost, to note what amount of labor is saved, and what manipulations and tools are dispensed with in the old processes of butter-making, if the new Extractor walks to the front, as it now promises to do."

We give these extracts to show that the highest dairy authorities in the country look upon this new invention as probably marking a wonderful stride in the progress of dairy work. We shall watch the further development of its work with much interest.

Prof. E. W. Stewart in the *Country Gentleman* tells how to quickly put flesh on either a poor, or an old animal. "Cut clover hay short, say one-half inch, take cheap molasses, and dissolve one pint in one gallon of water and sprinkle this upon 3 lbs. of the cut clover with 2 lbs. of buckwheat flour and 2 lbs. of wheat bran. Feed this amount to each horse, or animal three times a day,—commencing with a little less per day for two days. The Professor says he put 100 lbs. additional weight upon a horse, thin in flesh, in 30 days by feeding him said ration.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Young and Progressive Breeder.

Probably the youngest breeder of fancy stock in Maine is Mr. M. M. Bailey of Winthrop Centre, whose farm we lately visited. As an agricultural town Winthrop has long been famous; her Jerseys have won a wide reputation, which they are still maintaining, and it was here that the horse Winthrop Morrill was most successful as a sire. The name of Winthrop Messenger will long be remembered among the horsemen of the State. It is but recently that the beef breeds have been receiving attention. Mr. Bailey's stock is entirely of the Hereford breed, the foundation of the herd being made several years ago, when but a mere boy, and more or less of the stock has been exhibited at our Maine fairs every year. Mr. Bailey has also fed some nice steers at times, as he keeps several pairs for doing the work on his farms. The pair that won most of the 1st prizes as fat cattle in E. A. Bailey's team for 1888, were fed here until a short time before the fairs. The best pair now owned here is a pair of gray, white-faced steers, 3 years old, which Fair goers will remember to have been shown by J. W. Foster of Flint, Mich., as 1 and 2 in the Boys' Burnside class, mentioned; a large, well pointed, growing young animal. Also Lycas, bred by Mr. Foster, by Gallant, and out of Daisy B., a granddaughter of Lord Wilton. This calf is a trifle finer in bone, but has many points of resemblance to the young bull Lysander, before mentioned. There is also a steer coming three years old, a beefy looking young fellow that will be fed to make ready for honors in the ring. Two heifer calves are from Revelry 3d and Lady Mary, and a young bull calf is out of Britelin 2d. These latter are by the bull Burnside, and are expected to help laurel him a winner when the ribbons are passed around.

In closing our article, we feel like saying a few words regarding the rank that this stock will take when sold and carried from the farm. There are no attempts made to force inferior animals upon purchasers as those of average breeding and merit, since nothing is intended to be kept but strictly first class stock, and this allowed to speak for itself, which any creditable animal is sure to do if it can be given it. Mr. Bailey is modest in his claims for his herd, and as he has always had a taste for stock, with the means within his reach, we may look for still further improvements in his already fine stock.

H.

For the Maine Farmer.

Plowing, Seeding, and Pasturing.

I wish to give to the readers of the *Farmer* my experience in plowing, seeding with clover, and pasturing. Once plow for wheat and not feed too closely, and change the cattle from one field to another, and with all the manure the farmer can make in summer and winter together, with the same number of acres of land by pasturing, I can crop as many acres as the man who manures his land, and three times out of four I can get greater crops than he can. Any one doubting this, I can show him a piece of run out land, a part of the upland of which was very rocky, and other parts swampy; the first three years that I was bringing it to, under the old method, I ran in debt over $500. I made during that time more than a mile of stone wall, and put in over four hundred rods of under drain. On one acre of this land, after building the stone wall, I employed two extra hands and carted surplus stone eight days, and worked myself ten days, carting dirt on the same ground to cover stone and make deeper soil. Any one doubting this I can show them the land, in some places of which the rocks are two feet deep. If J. W. Kellogg will call at West Hampden I will point out the land and show him this, and if he can find a farm from W. B. Ferguson's in Dixmont, to the second tier of lots from Penobscot river, that have been sold within five years, that can be sold for as much as I have taken off my old pastures in the last forty years more than they have, I will pay him five dollars.

As St. Paul says, "I have fed you with milk, and not with meat." I will mention two of the hardest years that I cultivated the land, during which time I raised sheep and lambs, of which I will make special mention. I raised and sold eleven twin lambs, which netted me four dollars and forty-six cents per head, and had eleven ewe lambs left; lambs were selling that year for $2.50. Two years ago the sheep and lambs in my flock netted me over $8 per head. At the same time that I was raising sheep and lambs, I had cattle on the same land, each of which gained more than one hundred pounds, and by pasturing I have sold my hay for more than hay was sold for in the Boston market for twenty years. I can show my writings, printed in the *Maine Farmer*, which will show my method is forty-three years in advance of Levi Stockbridge, and forty-seven years in advance of W. H. Jordan of the State College, and fifty years in advance of the lecture delivered by A. I. Brown of Belfast, at Orrington.

What is the use of a watch with perfect works if one cannot put them together? And what is the use of science if one does not know how to put it together? If science were properly applied, Maine in 1890 could raise her own grain. Had other farmers done as well as I did last year, what would have been done if the frost had held off ten days longer? I have a crew of men at work on an old pasture that I plowed in June, and again in August and October, that will produce, with a little phosphate, a greater crop, and at less expense than it will cost to manure it. For thirty-five years, when I have seen men ditching manure, I would ask them what it would cost to manure an acre of land, and the estimate would range from $20 to $60, and the land must be manured as often as once in six years, while the pastures under my method need no manure of any kind. I can show land in good condition which has been cropped for fifty years. Some time when the readers of the *Farmer* are able, I will give them some meat.

*

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, August 1, 1889.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

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Collectors' Notices.

MR. I. C. LIBBY of Burnham, our cattle reporter, is authorized to receipt for moneys and receive subscription for the paper.

MR. C. S. AYER is now calling upon our subscribers in Somerset county.

MR. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our subscribers in Penobscot county.

MR. F. W. ZOLE is now calling upon our subscribers in Hancock County.

MR. H. E. LELLENT of East Sangerville, is now calling upon our subscribers in Piscataquis county.

Our friend and correspondent, G. J. Shaw of Hartland, writes: "We shall hold our annual cattle show and fair Sept. 18th and 19th."

Mr. S. L. Marden of East Vassalboro, brings to this office a profusion of apple blossoms, plucked from his orchard, the whole forming a beautiful bouquet.

Fickle France has again decided against the Boulangists, the conservative element coming off victorious. The Boulangists are depressed by the result of the elections. They expected to carry 100 cantons. The Bonapartists have gained 15 seats.

Well known railroad men have been in Aroostook, looking over the location of the direct line of railroad to Presque Isle. The people of the county are doing well in their subscriptions, and the building of the road is now only a question of time.

Gov. Burleigh has received an order from the war department, detailing Capt. Wm. McK. Dunn of the 2d artillery to attend the encampment of the Maine volunteer militia at Augusta, Aug. 26-30, for the purpose of inspecting and instructing the troops taking part in the encampment.

A Moose River correspondent of the *Somerset Reporter*, thus refers to one of the gentlemanly and trusted agents of the *Farmer*:

"Mr. ALLEN of the *Maine Farmer* was in town over the Sabbath, and entertained us with some appropriate remarks at the temperance meeting in the evening. Mr. A. is a very old friend of the cause, and his talk was well received."

The board of officers to examine the charges against Col. Lyosli of the Maine Militia, have made a report, exonerating that officer from all the charges made against him, except possibly the sixth, concerning tardy reports. There has been a good deal of the "bombastes furioso" about the whole affair, resulting in a good sized "tempest in a tea-pot."

Commissioner of sea fisheries, Counce, says that lobsters are scarce along the coast, and the canning factories which have been in operation have found a scarcity of the shell fish. He attributes this, in a greater or less degree, to the law of last winter, which dispensed with many of the restrictions regulating the lobster fisheries under the old law. The commissioner also says the porgies are leaving the shores of late.

The *New England Homestead* thus pleasantly refers to the agricultural editor of the *Farmer*:

Hon. Z. A. Gilbert continues on top in Maine as secretary of the board of agriculture, editor of the *Maine Farmer*, and high authority of the agricultural world. Mr. Gilbert doesn't get much money for his labors and there are some who begrudge him what he does receive. But he is a faithful and intelligent worker in the great cause of agriculture.

An English journal puts the liquor problem in this form: Twenty-five snakes running through the streets, that is free whiskey. Twenty-five snakes gathered in a box in which twenty-five holes are made by authority of the court, that is low license. Ten of the holes are closed and the snakes all get through the other fifteen, that is high license. Drive all the snakes over to the next town, that is local option. Kill all the snakes, that is prohibition.

The entries for the Fairfield races are coming in rapidly, and every class will doubtless fill. The 2.27 race will be one of the best to be seen anywhere this year in Maine. Elmbrook, 2.36½, Mamie W., 2.27, and several others are promised for the fight, and it bids fair to be very exciting. The other classes will be equally interesting, and if the weather is favorable, next Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be good days for a trip to Fairfield Park.

We had a pleasant call, Monday, from Maj. E. G. Rollins of Bangor, who has since the organization of the society had charge of the ball exhibit of the Eastern Maine State Fair. He informs us that the prospect was never better for a grand exhibition in all the departments, this being plainly indicated by the entries that have already been made. There is no clashing in the management, as some parties would like to make it appear, but everything is running on harmoniously and systematically.

Dr. G. H. Bailey of Portland, and Mr. F. O. Beal of Bangor, Maine cattle commissioners, went to Orono, Monday, to examine the new cattle which have been purchased by the Maine State College to take the place of those killed on account of their being affected with tuberculosis. The new cattle were obtained in Massachusetts, and it was deemed best by the college authorities that after having kept them awhile on the farm to have them examined. The commissioners applied the test to four Guernseys and three Holsteins, and found that the animals were free from disease and thoroughly healthy.

President Prince is making arrangements to make Thursday of the coming fair, Grange day. He has arranged to have Grand Master Brigham address the crowd in front of the grand stand in the forenoon, thereby giving all a chance to hear. As Mr. Brigham is a very powerful speaker, he will undoubtedly call out a great crowd of the order. Ex-Governor Robie, Master of the State Grange, will preside at the meeting. As there is great interest in the order at the present time in the State, no doubt it will be the largest gathering of patrons ever held in the State. In the evening there will be a meeting in Exhibition Hall, to be addressed by leading brothers and sisters of the order.

The President and party are perfecting their arrangements for the Bar Harbor trip. The President will leave Washington at 9.40 A. M., Aug. 6th, in a special car attached to the limited express for New York on the Pennsylvania road, and take the Fall River boat that evening for Boston. The day and the evening of the 7th he will remain in Boston, leaving on the morning of the 8th for Bar Harbor in a special train on the Boston & Maine and Maine Central roads. He will be accompanied by Private Secretary Halford, and it is believed by Mrs. Harrison also. Grand receptions will be given in Boston. There will be no reception in Augusta, and the President will make no speeches along the route.

The long delayed report of the late Adjutant General, S. J. Gallagher, has appeared, and is a regular bombshell in the ranks of the Militia of Maine, some of the leading members of which denounce it most roundly. It pitches into the conduct of the Militia, its officers especially, right and left. He says that the encampment of 1888 cannot be looked upon as a success; duties were loosely performed; the guard duty, drill, dress parade, reviews, policing and discipline were not what they should have been; there were many unsoldierly acts on the part of certain commissioned officers, leading to insubordination. There is vast room for improvement in the organization, drill and discipline of the second regiment, and there is a general dressing down of the officers of the two regiments. Perhaps these developments will lead to a better system of discipline on the part of the soldier boys.

THE WHEAT SUPPLY. The comparatively small wheat harvest in India and Australia and the damage drought and flood in Russia and Austria-Hungary have wrought, lead to some anxiety in Europe in regard to the food supply for the coming year. According to the latest report, both Russia and Austria-Hungary will be fortunate if they are able to supply the home demand. With these exceptions, the European countries now have the promise of at least average crops. The estimate for England and France shows an increase of about 40,000,000 bushels over last year, but even with the most abundant harvests, they are always importers, and therefore can not directly aid their less fortunate neighbors. Spain reports a slightly increased production over last year, and Italy falls a little short of its average.

Unless the foreign situation shows an improvement now deemed impossible, America is likely to be called upon for increased exports of wheat, and it is encouraging to note that present estimates indicate a supply equal to every demand. Dakota reports an estimated shortage approaching 80,000,000 bushels, but the favorable weather of the last few weeks has doubtless had a good effect upon the yield. Kansas reports an increase over last year of nearly 17,000,000 bushels, and the California harvest shows the largest yield ever known. In other States the crop will show no remarkable variations, either above or below the average. The official report of the agricultural department for July 1 indicated a total yield varying from 481,000,000 to 488,000,000 bushels. Since that date the spring wheat has materially improved, and at this time it appears safe to count on a crop aggregating not far from 495,000,000 bushels. Adding to this an estimated surplus from last year of 39,000,000 bushels, we have a total supply for the ensuing year of 534,000,000 bushels.

For home consumption, including food and seed, it has been estimated that 349,000,000 bushels will be required, leaving 185,000,000 bushels for export. According to the most accurate returns now at hand, the exports from last year were about 88,000,000 bushels, or less than half the amount now available. In other words the United States can double its exports, if necessity requires, and still retain a small surplus for emergencies. The European situation does not at present warrant the belief that the foreign demand will equal these figures. Urgent calls for export wheat will naturally lead to an increase in price and a consequent falling off in home consumption, thus adding to the available surplus. At this time it does not appear that either the raiser or the consumer has anything to fear from the wheat outlook. The effect of speculative manipulation upon the future situation is another matter.

A STARTLING PROBLEM. S. L. Loomis predicted the result of the census of 1880 within 18,000 of the actual figures. He estimates that the population of the country in 1890 will reach 67,250,000, an increase during the past decade of more than 30 per cent. To allow a reasonable margin for possible error we may place the total at 67,000,000, and the decennial increase at 30 per cent. Should this ratio of increase continue, our population at the end of each decade during the next 100 years will be represented by the following figures, the progressive immensity of which will surprise and perhaps cause anxiety to them to wonder:

WHAT THIS WORLD IS COMING TO.

1900	87,100,000
1910	113,230,000
1920	147,199,000
1930	191,358,700
1940	248,766,310
1950	320,393,200
1960	416,512,270
1970	541,466,050
1980	703,907,425
1990	915,079,650

People of a speculative turn of mind may well ask themselves what is to be done with so enormous a population, how are they to be supported, and many other questions that, though purely speculative now, may assume a vital importance before the close of the next century. The total area of the United States, including Alaska, is 3,580,242 square miles, or 2,291,354,880 acres. This area necessarily includes the lakes, rivers and uninhabitable mountains and deserts, yet we find that there will be an average of more than two and one-half persons to an acre of land surface when the enumerators enter upon their duties 100 years hence. The exact figures are 2.504.

According to Mr. Loomis the ratio of increase of population by births over deaths, although much less than it was a century since, is at present 2.01 per cent. per annum, or 20.1 each ten years. Accepting, for convenience, the ratio of decennial increase as 20 per cent., and casting aside all accretion from immigration, we find that in the year 1900 our total population will be more than 61,000,000.

Whether these figures are accepted as reasonably trustworthy, or rejected as gross exaggeration, the fact remains that the natural and inevitable increase of population, not alone of our country, but of the whole world, presents a problem that may well engage the thoughtful mind, but there is no necessity for special worriment on the part of the present generation.

SOME GOOD WORK. The races at the July trotting meeting at Beacon Park, Boston, July 25, resulted as follows:

2.30 CLASS.—PURSE $500. DIVIDED.

James Golden, blk m Hamletta,	5	2	4	5	1	1
A. J. Fecks, b s Ivanhoe	6	6	1	1	2	3
E. D. Avery, b m Sunbeam	1	1	2	2	3	4
A. P. McDonald, b m Kentucky Blackbird	2	3	3	3	4	2
A. Treat, ch m Chevellia	4	4	5	4	5	ro
Wm. Reely, bk g Rocket	3	5	6	6	6	ro
F. M. Dodge, b m Dolly	7	7	7	7	7	ro
Time—2.36½, 2.36½, 2.34½, 2.37¼, 2.37¼, 2.37¾, 2.39, 2.38.						

2.55 CLASS—PURSE $500. DIVIDED.

M. P. Longley, b m Country Girl	7	3	6	5	1	1
A. Johnson, b g Jesse Moore	1	1	1	1	2	2
J. J. Feek, ch g Lexington	2	2	2	2	3	3
J. B. Woodbury, b m Dirigo Maid	3	6	4	3	3	ro
A. W. Worthley, spt g Lexington Chief	4	4	3	4	5	ro
Geo. W. Leavitt, b m Stanley P	5	5	5	6	6	ro
E. F. Bass, b g Stanley F	6	7	8	8	4	ro
Geo. W. Lowell, b m Jennie B	8	8	7	7	7	ro
Time—2.33½, 2.32½, 2.34¼, 2.32½, 2.32½, 2.34½, 2.39, 2.37¼.						

On Friday, 26th, was another red letter day for Maine bred horses, Black Amble, by Joe Irving, taking the 2.27 race in three straight heats, dropping the record from 2.29 to 2.26, while the pet mare of the State, Aubine, captured the 2.20 purse, getting a record of 2.20¾. No wonder Mr. Nelson feels proud of this strain of trotters. Eight races thus far this season, and first money in six is a good record even for Sunnyside. Summary, Beacon Park, July 26:

2.27 CLASS—$800—DIVIDED.

Black Amble, blk m C. H. Nelson	1	1	1	
Saxon, ch g, I. W. Reynolds	2	2	2	
Edgecliffe, b g, C Yapp	3	3	3	
Inland, ch g, A. W. Hamilton	5	5	4	
Charles A., blk g, C. A. Allen	6	4	5	
Daley Jr., blk m, James Golden	4	6	6	
Falls, blk m, Ola Briggs	7	7	dis.	

2.30 CLASS—SAME CONDITIONS.

Aubine, b m, C. H. Nelson	1	1	
J. S., ch g, F. H. Goodwin	3	2	
William Kearney, ch g, A. J. Feek	2	3	
W. K., b g, J. W. Dooley	4	4	
Captain, b g, James Golden	5	5	
Time—2.33½, 2.30½, 2.33½.			

Charles S. Gilman of East Corinth, charged with robbing and burning his store, was fully examined at Bangor, Wednesday, the defence offering no testimony. Judge Brett placed Gilman under $5000 bonds for appearance at the August term, and Gilman was committed to jail.

R. H. Marble & Son of Harmony, have bought this season of the wool clip of Maine 160,000 pounds, for which they have paid the large sum of $42,000, an average of 25 cents per pound for unwashed wool and 30 cents for washed, all of which is for home consumption, to be manufactured in the State.

Mrs. Mary Hawk, one of the leaders of a large band of Christian Scientists at Sharon Plains, N. Y, on Saturday, was removed to the Warren Insane Asylum. She says she holds communications with heaven in trances and has beheld Christ in visions. Mrs. Hart of Brookfield, is also a victim of the doctrine. Both women refuse nourishment.

E. M. Howard of East Peru, has a girl 13 years old that raked the hay with a horse rake on three acres that were a ton and a half to the acre, and the easterings after the cart on three acres more, in three hours and a half. If any one has a girl that can beat that, trot her out.

When the executive council committee opened the bids for the new building to be erected at the Reform school under the "cottage system," the last legislature having appropriated $10,000 for the purpose, it was found that the lowest bid was $13,-000, $3000 more than the appropriation. This necessitates a change of the plans.

During an awful thunder storm in Fayetteville, Ark., Sunday night, nine buildings were struck.

DREDGING THE RIVER. It requires but a single trip down the Kennebec river to convince any one of the burning need of clearing out the channel, if navigation on the river is to be maintained. And navigation is constantly growing in this direction, as the towns on the Kennebec increase in population and in wealth. Should the resolve appropriating $150,000 for the purpose of dredging this river, pass Congress, it might perhaps remove the main obstructions that now vex and hinder the navigation, but twice that amount is needed to insure thorough work. While millions of dollars are spent on Southern swamps and morasses, why not a few thousands on this natural highway of commerce, where so many interests are at stake, and where so many people are interested? Cheap and easy transportation means lower prices to the consumer of all articles of household necessity, and cheaper rates of travel. Strong influences will be brought to bear upon our members of Congress, the next session, that this question may be presented to the national legislative body in its true light. But one thing must be insisted upon, if the dredging of the river is to be of any avail—the throwing of sawdust into the river must be stopped. That ingredient, mixed with the shifting sand and gravel, swayed by the changing tides, forms the chief obstruction. Some of the mills have furnaces which consume all their surplus sawdust and worthless edgings, but others shamelessly dump all this stuff into the river. Some do it under the cover of night, knowing that public sentiment is against them. It is hardly fair to ask Congress to clear out the channel of this river at great expense, if lumber manufacturers are to go to work immediately to fill it up. That isn't common sense.

THE GRAND MONUMENT AT PLYMOUTH. To-day (Thursday) which is the 269th anniversary of the departure of the Pilgrims from Delft Haven, Plymouth will dedicate her national monument, erected in honor of the founders of the Pilgrim republic.

The idea of erecting this monument first took definite shape at a celebration held by the Pilgrim Society, Aug. 1, 1853. The preparation of the design and the collection of funds were entrusted to competent hands, and the work was energetically carried forward. The corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies, Aug. 2, 1859. The monument was completed early last winter.

The structure is of solid granite throughout and stands on one of the highest elevations in the town. It consists of an octagonal pedestal, 45 feet high, from which rises the statue of "Faith," 36 feet high, resting her foot on the rock and holding in her left hand an open Bible, while with the right hand uplifted she points to heaven. From the four smaller faces of the pedestal project buttresses, on which are seated statues of heroic size, emblematic of "Morality," "Education," "Freedom" and "Law." Below these are alto-relief tablets representing "The Embarkation at Delft Haven." "The Signing of the Social Compact in the Cabin of the Mayflower," "The Landing at Plymouth," and "The First Treaty with the Indians." Upon the four larger faces of the pedestal are tablets bearing the names of the founders of the colony. The cost of the whole was not far from $130,000.

The heroic-sized statue of "Faith" was the gift of Oliver Ames, uncle of the present Governor of the State, and a native of Plymouth. The statue of "Morality" was given by the State of Massachusetts, and the accompanying alto-relief by the State of Connecticut. "Education" and the panel representing the "Compact" were the gifts of Roland Mather of Hartford, Conn. The statue of "Law" was secured through contributions from the lawyers of the country, and "Freedom" was the result of an appropriation by Congress.

THE MINING AND QUARRYING INTEREST. A prominent feature in the next Report of the Bureau of Labor and Industrial Statistics, will be a careful and exhaustive exhibit of the mining and quarrying interests of the State, especially those of granite, lime and slate. Commissioner Matthews has recently visited the slate quarries now being operated, all of which are located in the towns of Monson, Blanchard, and Brownville. In Monson, four quarries are being operated, employing some 300 men, with a monthly pay-roll of $10,000. About 1000 car loads, of 40 squares to the car, a square being 100 square feet, will be shipped from Monson during the present year. In Blanchard, one quarry is now being operated, and the same in Brownville. The former employs 16 hands, and the latter some 60. The Blanchard quarry is owned by the Blanchard Slate-mining Co., and is leased to the State of Maine Slate Co., composed of nine practical Slate miners and workers. This is, we believe, the only instance of a purely co-operative association engaged in the work of production, in the State. This latter company commenced operations in November, 1886. They have a lease of eleven acres, and are making an average of 400 squares a month. The slate operators are enthusiastic over the prospects. Prices are good, and orders are coming in more rapidly than they can be filled. Maine Slate is the best in the country, unfading, of uniform width and thickness, strong and elastic. As evidence that it is appreciated in the markets, is the fact that while Vermont and Pennsylvania slate, 16x8 inches, brings but $4.25 per square, Maine slate of the same dimensions, brings $7.20 per square.

ICE NOTES. Everything has been booming along the river front the past week and experts say that Saturday night one half the ice on the river will be shipped.

The Knickerbockers finished shipping at their Dresden houses Thursday, and have opened their Iceboro houses.

Messrs. McCausland & Co. have received a good offer for their ice in the shipyard houses and will probably dispose of it at once.

The Kennebec Maine Co., have sold to New York parties, and Wm. Sweatland is getting things in readiness to commence shipping immediately.

Haynes & DeWitt have recently put in one of the Knickerbocker Lowering machines, and are much pleased with it.

Berry, who quit shipping to attend to haying, will resume ice operations again this week.

The Knickerbockers at their Chelsea houses, Great Falls, Independent, Clark & Chaplin, Haines & DeWitt, Cochran, Oier Co., have all been busy shipping this week.

Some of the best schooners that ever came up the river, have been employed in the trade this summer.

Mr. Amos L. Stanwood, who at the age of three score and ten, has retired from the service of th American Express Company at Brunswick, has made a record such as few men can show. For a period of twenty-seven years he lost only one day from his work; and in the forty years that he kept the Brunswick office he had only three vacations, a total of thirty-five days, unless there be included seven weeks of sickness, three years ago. It was Carpenter & Co.'s Express when Mr. Stanwood entered the business in 1849, and the line was from Augusta to Boston. It was afterwards consolidated with Hodgman & Carr, and Winslow & Co., and went under the name of the Eastern, until 1880, when the old Eastern became a part of the American Express Company. The various consolidations have brought better service, and the rates have been reduced one half.

On Saturday and Sunday last, Hon. P. O. Vickery handsomely entertained Governor Burleigh and party at Popham Beach, the well known summer resort at the mouth of the Kennebec river. The Governor's family accompanied him, and also Cols. Geo. A. Philbrook of Augusta, and Geo. L. Thompson of Brunswick, with their ladies. Among the enjoyments planned for the party was a sail in the Percy V. to Boothbay Harbor and return, a distance of over twenty miles. A brilliant display of fireworks was given in front of the Sea View House, and by cottagers along the beach, supplemented by illuminations. A visit to the life saving station, where an exhibition of the apparatus was witnessed, and a ramble through the fort, were among the pleasures of the trip. Many other attentions were shown His Excellency by mine host Vickery, and the entire party returned home on Monday morning.

The Stair-Cromwell case has been argued for the last time before the law court at Portland. If they maintain their good health with the present excellent discipline exercised at Penobscot jail, the prisoners may possibly live to the end of this case.

A ROYAL WEDDING. Princess Louise, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Wales, was married to the Earl of Fife in London, at noon, Saturday. The marriage took place in the Prince's private chapel, in Buckingham palace, and the officiating clergymen were the Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of London, Dean of Windsor, and Rev. Messrs. Henry and Shore. The whole affair passed off much as all royal weddings do, with complete smoothness. Among the ladies who were present and who have done considerable work in connection with the event, were the Duchess of Abercorn, Lady de Gray, the Duchess of St. Albans and Roxburry, and Lady Rosebery. The presents which the royal couple have received amount to a vast sum. The total value, as estimated by a member of the family, is £150,000. Of course the most of these go to the Princess, and the jewels alone which she has received as wedding presents amounted to £120,000. All the presents were displayed at Marlborough House, including a diamond and ruby necklace, valued in American money at $20,000, given by the Rothchilds. Mrs. MacKaye sent a pair of antique turquois diamond pendant ear-rings. An important question, in reference to the royal marriage, has just been decided by the Queen. It was whether a coronet or the Princess should wear or bear after she had become Lady Fife. Should it be the coronet of a mere countess, or that of a duchess, for she is to be a duchess? The highest authority has settled this matter, and the Queen herself has determined that the coronet shall be the coronet appertaining to her station and rank as granddaughter of the Queen and Princess of Wales. The wedding ceremony was quiet and simple, and all the members of the royal family, in stepping up to offer their congratulations, maintained their far-famed dignity. The procession to the chapel was composed of the Queen, members of the royal family, King of Greece, Crown Prince of Denmark, and other guests and officers of the royal household. The procession, on its way to the chapel, passed through several royal apartments in which many of the guests had to hand formally, it impossible to enter the chapel were seated. The Earl of Fife was attired in Highland costume and wore the garter of the Duffs. His groomsman was Mr. Horace Farquhar. The bride wore a Duchesse dress of white, satin, with flowing train trimmed with orange blossoms. She also wore a wreath of orange blossoms and a point de gauze veil. The bridesmaids were the Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, Princess Louise of Schleswig, Princess Victoria of Schleswig, Princess Victoria of Teck, Countess Fedore, Countess Victoria and Countess Helena Gleichen. The Earl and his wife after the ceremony, started on a short wedding trip, after which they will spend their honeymoon in Scotland.

WEATHER-CROP BULLETIN OF THE NEW ENGLAND METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 27TH. Temperature—average temperature in New England about normal. In Central Connecticut, Eastern Massachusetts and New Hampshire, Western and Central Maine, it was slightly above the normal; but only in Southeastern Massachusetts did it get sufficiently low to do appreciable damage. In that part of the district the temperature fell to 48 on the 23d.

Rainfall.—The precipitation was excessive in all parts of the district except along the coast of Massachusetts, where there was a slight deficiency, and the eastern coast of Maine, where it was normal.

There was an unusually severe thunderstorm during the evening of the 23d, which was general over New England, as far east as Central Maine. The high wind and heavy rain which accompanied the storm, proved most destructive in Western Connecticut. Corn stalks were broken by the wind, and grain was lodged. The Housatonic river was swollen to such an extent that it overflowed its banks in many places, submerging valuable crops.

In Vermont there were almost daily showers during July, thus affecting most crops unfavorably, especially in the northern part of the State.

Sunshine.—There was a great deal of sunshine in the three southern districts, while weather was cloudy in Northern Vermont; in Eastern Maine a thick fog prevailed during the middle of the week.

Remarks.—The weather during the past week has been favorable to farming interests in all parts of New England, except Northern Vermont.

The severe thunder storms on the evenings of the 23d and 24th were disastrous to grain in many places, as much of it was lodged.

In Vermont and New Hampshire the continued wet weather has made it impossible to complete haying; oats have been cut and secured in good conition.

Corn is growing rapidly everywhere; potatoes are looking well, except in Eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island, where "potato blight" is causing great havoc in the crop.

Beans look healthy, and are making rapid growth; cranberry vines were damaged greatly by hail, and continue to suffer somewhat from vine worms.

FIRES IN MAINE. Johnson Knight's steam saw and grist mill at Camden, took fire at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon, from the back draft furnace. The workmen barely escaped with their lives. The building and machinery were a total loss in thirty minutes. The storehouse of Rollins & Ogier, the next building north, took fire, but it was put out. A coal vessel at the wharf also caught fire, but it was put out with little loss. The dwelling house on Mechanic street people moved out their furniture, but their houses did not burn. The loss was $10,000, as follows: Johnson Knight, building and machinery, $7000; lumber, $4000; St. Clair Spear, sash building, $2000; to insurance; H. M. Bean, two cabins and dock timber, $600; no insurance; Lendall Anderson, tools, $150; insured for $100; Rollins & Ogier, sail and Studley, tools, $300; no insurance; Rollins Ogier, storehouse and stock somewhat damaged. There was an inadequate water supply.—A 11.30 o'clock Friday night fire destroyed D. H. Northey's carriage manufactory, consisting of two wooden buildings, the larger 34x95 feet, in the rear of the Maine House. Damage to the contents of both buildings, including about 20 carriages," were lost. The loss is about $6000; insured for $1000. Mechanics Falls was visited by a fire fiend on the night of July 19th.——Fire Thursday afternoon damaged the house of Jas Mundy in the alley off Hammond street, Portland. Loss $200; insured. Fire caught in the second story of the Boston clothing store, at Ellsworth, Saturday night, and damaged the stock and goods from $1,000 to $1,500. The building was owned by O. P. Cunningham, Judge of Probate. The stock on the lower floor was owned by the heirs of N. S. Saulsbury, milliner. The building and clothing was fully insured. There was no insurance on Mrs. Hopkins' stock. The origin of the fire is unknown.

RECENT DEATHS. General P. Bradford of Turner, died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. A. S. Daggett of Auburn, on the 24th. General Bradford was one of Turner's oldest and best citizens and was known to almost every family in Androscoggin county, and more especially the older people. He was born in the southwestern part of Turner in 1816, and was the son of William Bradford. In his younger and middle years he was very prominent in the State militia, where he acquired the title of General. He leaves two children, both of whom live in Turner.——Stephen Gammon, of Dixfield, whose 99th birthday was to have been celebrated by his townspeople in a picnic gathering on the 19th, which on account of his failing health was abandoned, died last Wednesday, aged 99 years and 1 day.——Daniel Beedy died Monday at his home in Farmington, aged nearly 75. Early in life he was a noted civil engineer, railroad builder and surveyor. He built the Bates mill in Lewiston, the first steam flour mill started in St. Louis and various large flour mills in New Orleans, Charleston and other Southern States. The iron bridges now over Sandy river at Strong and over the Carrabassett at Kingfield were works of his skill.

NOT A MATRIMONIAL AGENCY. Secretary Rusk of the Department of Agriculture, has received some queer requests, but his latest has set him to thinking. A Wyoming farmer writes that he is thankfull for the packages of seed which were forwarded to him, and if they quickly adapt that it is pretty hard work to build up a new country without wives. He says that the prevailing sentiment of the Territory is in favor of the importation of women who would like to marry honest men, and concludes with the remark that not only are good homes waiting for the lonesome spinsters of the East, but if they come they can enjoy equal political privileges with the men. Secretary Rusk says that he does not propose to turn the Agricultural Department into a matrimonial agency, but that he would like to help out this waiting wooer if he only could.

There is considerable excitement in Somerville, over the discovery of a plumbago mine on Crummet's farm. There is a hill said to be solid with the mineral. Howard Bruce of Augusta has bonded the territory on which the deposit is located, and will begin mining next week. Specimens from the mine exhibited are of superior excellence.

Copies of the premium list of the next annual fair of the New England Agricultural Society which is to occur at Worcester, Mass., in connection with the Worcester Agricultural Society's fair Sept. 3, 4, 5 and 6, may be had at this office.

TRIP TO CANADA—DOWN THE RAPIDS —THE THOUSAND ISLANDS. *Mr. Editor:* A week of four or five meetings a day in Portland is ended, and after a glad welcome at the capital city, and a few days' rest at home, over the Grand Trunk Railroad we go, through Island Pond into Pickering, Ontario, Canada. This is a pretty little village, and here is the Pickering College of Friends. And in this place we attend another week's meetings, mingling also with other denominations, while souls are saved, and young people of talent and power are giving themselves for life to home and foreign mission fields for His sake, who taught us to go into all the world and preach the gospel. And now, with thoughts of summer rest, we turn to the beautiful English city of America, Toronto, and over its cedar pavements make our way, visiting some friends, and also points of interest, not the least of which is the St. James Cathedral, with its tower 260 feet high, and the wonderful structure, the bridge of the C. P. R. R., over both of these we had passed in cars. And so we see both sides of these remarkable arches as we enter the city. Montreal we arrive, and after dinner we look around a while, visit some points of interest, and trade a little in some of the large establishments.

We bid good-bye to our very agreeable companions, and come on to Farnam for the night, then alone we come on through the Welland Canal, to Niagara Falls. Wonders! Like the poet of olden time we sing,

"When all thy wonders, O my God, my rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder, love and praise."

Lakes and rivers are grand, but nothing can exceed the grandeur and sublimity of this mountain range. Our train dashes along their side almost like lightning, and we gaze upon the narrow road leading up to the summit house of Mt. Washington, and on down the other way we longer gaze, and it looks as the words of Thomas Hood expresses child-like ideas of tree tops, "close against the sky," and the fleecy clouds come around it, and we go away in thought into "Revelations" of Mount Zion, and the Palace of the King not made with hands, and visions of white robed saints with palms of victory, and the sound of many waters, and of harpers with their harps come before us. As Mt. Washington is 6,293 feet above the sea, so we thought on Mount Zion; the height is above all earthly scenes, and sorrow, sin and care shall all lie at its base. Thus fondly dreaming we come in sight of a pretty sheet of water, and surely we suddenly come from dream when a voice says, "this is Rattlesnake pond." And surely we are on the earth, gliding into Portland, past Sebago lake, and then again at "home, sweet home." We express ourselves pleased as tired, for, though much enjoyment in the past three months, we have attended one hundred and nineteen meetings, holding forty-two by different places for worship, mingling with six or seven denominations, and visiting in twenty-two different towns. And so with new strength in God, and with the consciousness of duty done, we rest awhile, only to enter upon fields new and old as autumn days draw nigh. HANNAH T. PRATT.

Augusta, July 28.

A WEEK'S VACATION. The Maine Press Association left Portland on Monday noon, July 22, under the escort of Mr. M. N. Rich, on their annual excursion. After the arrangements were all completed, a dispatch was received, stating that, owing to the rush of travel at both St. John and St. Andrews, the party could not be accommodated with rooms; but, as they had started, it was determined to go somewhere.

Arriving at Bangor, after supper a consultation was held, and as nineteen of the party desired to carry out the original plan and visit the Provinces, they left their trunks at Bangor, formed themselves into a go-as-you-please company, with light luggage, and started by the early train for St. John, while that portion of the party who did not wish to go on uncertainties, went to Kineo. They arrived at St. John early on the afternoon of Tuesday, in time to witness the trades procession, after which they embarked on the steamer State of Maine of the International Steamship Company, General Manager Coyle having kindly agreed to provide us with lodging, board and berths. While turning, and the white foam was just before us. Soon we were breasting the Lachine Rapids, with four strong men at the wheel. We can find no language to express these wonders. Mad would be a name for them. And as we go through the one narrow pass between the rocks, we surely felt the boat touch rocky bottom more than once, but on she shot, and we all enjoy it with all our heart, but did not see the old Indian, who has been told of so many years, coming out with canoe to conduct us through the rapids. Another hour and the waters grow calmer, save now and then a boiling spot, something like the whirlpools of Niagara, and we come passing under the marvelous Victoria railroad bridge, and then under the other great and wonderful structure, the bridge of the C. P. R. R., over both of these we had passed in cars. And so we see both sides of these remarkable arches as we enter the city of Montreal we arrive, and after dinner we look around a while, visit some points of interest, and trade a little in some of the large establishments.

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Items of Maine News.

Rev. E. L. Warren will preside at the literary exercises of the Durham centennial.

B. F. Osgood, Jr., postmaster at Kingman, is dead.

The pack of sardines at Eastport, is very small, on account of the scarcity of the little fish.

Twenty-five men pay one-third of the whole tax, and ten men at Bryant's Pond village, pay one-seventh of the whole tax of Woodstock.

Mr. J. P. Marston, for the past six years principal of the high school in Rockland, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted by the school board.

Mrs. Almira Spaulding of Fairbanks, met with a painful accident last week by falling and breaking her right arm, near the wrist joint. She is a lady about 75 years of age.

William S. Stuart of Richmond, while hauling a horse pitchfork out of a haymow the other day, was harpooned in the right ankle, and he will be laid aside for awhile.

The ten-year old son of James Davis of Rockland, was drowned while swimming at Ratcliff Island, Sunday afternoon. His body was recovered.

Thomas Wanamaker of Philadelphia, son of the postmaster general, is negotiating for a lot at Rangeley Lake and is to build a twenty thousand dollar villa on the same.

A dog belonging to Curtis West of Steuben attacked a two-year-old child of Emanuel Colin at Millbridge, last week, mangling his face in a shocking manner.

Jonathan Alexander of Denmark, was thrown from his mower, July 18th, and broke his arm very near the shoulder, so near that it cannot be properly splinted. He is doing as well as could be expected.

Members of the bar and others on Tuesday evening, gave a grand complimentary banquet to True P. Pierce, Esq., who is about to leave Rockland and establish himself at Fort Payne, Ala.

The following Maine patents have been granted: Luther S. Monk, Bridgton, carriage jack; Harry T. Riggs, Farmington, electric switch; Chas. F. Wheeler, Farmington, dip net frame.

Quite a large number of the Freshmen class which enters Bowdoin this fall, will be obliged to take rooms outside of the college dormitories, as there are not enough rooms on the campus to accommodate all the students who will attend this year.

The post office and store of J. D. Gleason, at Union, were robbed of $100 Friday night. Small sums of money were also taken from the stores of Warner Hill and Mr. Davis, entrance being gained by breaking the glass. There is no clue.

A new national bank is soon to be started in Portland, with a capital of $300,000. Among the principal stockholders are F. E. Richards, John E. DeWitt, of Portland, Jerry Mason of Limerick, and several prominent Rockland gentlemen.

Frederick H. Hoar of Machias, a young man about 19 years old, while working in a planing mill at that place last Thursday, had his right arm terribly mangled by the knives of the machine. His arm was amputated about four inches from the shoulder.

The east bound freight train of the Knox & Lincoln Railroad left the track Wednesday afternoon, at South Newcastle station. One car was completely wrecked and three others thrown off the iron. The track was torn up for several rods. No one was injured.

T. H. Phair has removed his stock of horses and colts from Presque Isle to Fort Fairfield, finding accommodations for them there at the Trotting Park. The lot numbers thirteen and includes as fine a lot of horses and colts as can be got together anywhere in Maine.

During the violent thunder shower on Tuesday of last week, a large electric ball entered the open window of Riley's blacksmith shop in Bridgton, and exploded with a loud report. Luckily no one stood near, but those in the shop were affected by the electricity.

Georgie Watson, aged eleven years, while playing alone in the upper story of the steam mill of the Van Buren Shingle Company, recently got entangled in the machinery and was drawn with great violence around a revolving pulley. He was found with head and arms severed from the body.

Elijah Pease, a young man resident of Lexington, is lost in the timber northeast of that place. He went on to Peaked Mountain in Highland, Sunday, after blackberries. Not having returned Monday morning, searching parties went out, but failed to find him. A more extended search is now being made.

Friday, Edward Goodwin of South Berwick, was mowing with a scythe, when he accidentally struck his 14 year old son in the heel, making a bad gash. The wound was dressed at home. Early Saturday morning the boy was taken ill and died soon after. The doctor said the wound was not properly dressed.

The Laconia Company, at Biddeford, has contracted for the erection of a large two story brick waste house on the vacant lot adjoining the new cotton storehouse. Work on the foundation began this week. The Laconia built a large building last year, and has a new mill under construction this summer.

The other night, Mr. Henry White of Lisbon Falls, while on his way home from the village, was opposite the house of Richard Tarr, when he fell to the ground with a cry for help. Mr. Tarr, who was at his well at the time, ran to the spot in time to see him go and die. Mr. White was a man about 55 years old, unmarried.

E. W. Turner of Auburn, was severely injured Friday, while superintending haying operations on a farm in Greene, a horse hay pitchfork fell from its position in the barn and struck Mr. Turner in the abdomen, inflicting a severe wound, the extent of which the surgeons have not yet ascertained to determine, owing to its dangerous location.

Sunday evening a serious stabbing affray took place in a house occupied by Italians in Potter's Lane, in Portland. Peter Carelli, twenty-two years old, received a cut from a razor in the hands of Angelo Bressagliero. The cut is in the lumbar region and was nine inches long. Police Officer Smith and another officer were quite close at hand when the stabbing occurred. Carelli's wound is not considered fatal.

At the present time the amount of logs in the Penobscot boom at Bangor is about 10,000,000 feet, and they will all be rafted by the time of the arrival of the West Branch drives, which contains about 40,000,000 feet. All the logs have reached the boom with the exception of those of the West branch. Most of the mills on the Penobscot river are in full operation at the present time.

Friday afternoon, while Silas Leland of Skowhegan, and wife were driving across a bridge between Canaan and Pittsfield, the horse became frightened and backed off the bridge, throwing the team into the water. Both managed to get out, with but few bruises. The hole which soared the horse was in Pittsfield, while the horse backed off the bridge through a break in the railing on the Canaan side. The question arises, which town is liable for damages?

Mrs. Mary Ann Wright, a lady 70 years old, who lived alone in a little shanty at Sabattis, was burned to death, Friday. Her nearest neighbor, Hiram Brown, discovered the fire about 5 o'clock, and, in company with others, attempted to force his way into the building, but the fire was too furious. When the building had done burning, the house was searched, and the body, badly burned, was found in the bedroom.

Mr. A. H. Conant of So. Norridgewock, is doing his usual amount of clothing manufacturing business. About $60,000 are paid out annually in that town to help in this line of business, and it is a great help to the place. It not only helps Norridgewock but the surrounding towns including Skowhegan. The dollars that are paid out in this way are nimble ones and find their way into the avenues of trade and business with celerity.

The following Maine postmasters have been appointed:

Jerome B. Allin, Addison Point, vice N. N. Nash, removed; G. H. McNally, Ashland, vice W. P. Bringham, removed; T. H. Dyer, Harrington, vice D. J. Nash, resigned; F. A. Smith, West Buxton, Lincoln county, vice H. Smith, resigned; S. Richards, Clinton, vice Albert Hunter, removed; Mrs. Clara M. Owen, Milo, to succeed Mrs. Annie H. Crane, whose term has expired.

Tyler T. Cole of Albany had a very narrow escape from death. He was on the road with his mower and at the top of a steep hill one of the yolk straps failed and the horses ran at full speed until one horse fell, causing a sudden stop which threw him into the ditch, striking on his head and knees. The horses became disengaged from the mower and left it unharmed. The horses were considerably scared. Mr. Cole received a scalp wound and a bad wound on the knee.

A very serious if not a fatal accident occurred at the farm of A. H. Irving, of North Presque Isle, recently. The men were engaged in unloading hay with a horse-fork, when Mr. Amos J. Pinkham was standing back of the work with arm extended, as the woodscrew holding the anchor block to the floor gave away. The great strain upon the woodscrew bending the anchor close to the floor gave away. The great strain upon the rope caused the screw to turn and come with great force, entering his arm close to the wrist. It severed the main artery within three inches of the heart. It is thought he will recover.

County Commissioner J. B. Nutt had missed goods and small sums of money from his store in Perry. Sunday night Nutt locked himself in and watched, first placing a lighted lamp under a box. About midnight he heard somebody under a window, and window shutter, then open the money drawer, a man entered, went to the money drawer, when took what cash there was left there, when he was suddenly confronted by the proprietor of the store, who withdrawing the covering from the lamp, at the same time presented a loaded revolver at the burglar's head. The man was well known to Mr. Nutt, and was greatly surprised.

Items of General News

Bishop Walsh of London, Ont., has been elected Archbishop of Toronto.

A trust to control the Florida orange crop is said to be in process of formation.

A mad dog ran through the streets at Hoboken, N. J., Monday morning and bit four men before he was shot.

Gov. Ames of Massachusetts, who has been exceedingly ill, is rapidly recovering, and will be out in a few days.

A suit has been brought against the South Fork Fishing Club by a widow who lost her husband in the Johnstown flood.

A Wallingford, Ct., farmer has fed dried leaves to his stock, and claims that they thrive better than on hay.

A Chicago prisoner, on receiving sentence Saturday night, protested his innocence and attempted to take his life in the court room.

The big salt trust is engaged in an attempt to absorb the salt interest of Onondaga county, N. Y., including the great Syracuse works.

The Y. M. C. A. building on 4th avenue and 23d street, New York, was damaged by fire Sunday night, to the extent of $50,000.

The wedding presents received by Princess Louise of Wales, have a total value of £150,000. The jewels alone are valued at £120,000.

Wesley Elkins, aged 11, has confessed to killing his father and step-mother in Elkinsonshire, Ia., Wednesday. He had some difficulty with his father.

During the flood in West Virginia, a circus was wrecked and one woman drowned. Salisbury on the Tingart river was virtually wiped out of existence.

Fifty skulls and 200 headless bodies were found near Yankton, Dak., Thursday. They had evidently been buried 40 or 50 years, and were the bodies of white persons.

A tremendous storm of wind, hail and rain swept over Findlay, Ohio, Sunday evening, doing a great deal of damage of a general character. Hail as large as hickory nuts fell.

Saturday night's storm damaged the oats and corn crop in several sections of eastern Illinois to a great extent. The lightning struck a number of buildings. About an inch and a half of water fell in less than half an hour.

A burglar who entered the room of Arthur Valentine, a machinist, at Springfield, Mass., Friday morning, met a warm reception. Valentine knocked the intruder down with a chair and handed him over to the police.

The heavy storm of Monday night did heavy damage throughout New Jersey, and reached with its devastation into New Hampshire and Massachusetts. In several places there were cyclones, with funnel-shaped clouds, striking down buildings and sweeping away dams.

The Yellow river in China has again burst its banks in Shantung, inundating an immense extent of country. There is 12 feet of water throughout 10 large governmental districts. The loss of life and property is incalculable. The government authorities at Pekin are dismayed.

During a violent storm at Chicago, Saturday night, the unoccupied three story brick building, corner of Dickey avenue and 21st street, was blown over upon the adjoining cottage, completely crushing the latter and instantly killing eight and seriously injuring seven occupants. Charles Buck is terribly injured. His wife was found dead, crushed beyond all recognition. Gustof, the oldest son, aged 13 years, was fastened under the heavy beam, his right leg broken and skull fractured, and he cannot survive. Anna Buck, aged 8 years, and Albert, aged 6, were crushed to death. Ferdinands was found crushed to death in the cellar, where he had taken refuge in her two year old babe clasped in her arms. The mother was dead, but the child was rescued alive and taken to the county hospital, where it died at midnight. A great deal of other damage to property was done by the storm.

There was a collision on Sunday, at Cincinnati, Ohio, between the police and the saloon keepers. Of the 312 saloon keepers who met in Turner Hall last week, all but 40 tried to keep open, in consequence of which 150 were arrested. "Over the Rhine" two or three riots took places. At 15th and Vine streets, Monday morning, the police undertook to arrest a man for disorderly conduct. A crowd of 1500, composed chiefly of hoodlums, quickly gathered, and the cry of "mob the police" was raised. The mob set upon the police with clubs and fists. One policeman was badly beaten, the scalp being cut, but not seriously injured. About a dozen policemen kept the crowd back with clubs while the officer arrested the man. At Walnut and 12th streets a successful attempt to rescue the police was made at Warflinger's saloon. The greatest indignation exists on account of the riotous proceeding of hoodlums. More saloons were closed Sunday than any previous Sunday since the agitation was first made to enforce the law.

During the recent flood in the region of the West Forks, in West Virginia, the river rose 32 feet in four hours, flooding the entire country and carrying off stores, houses, churches, fences, crops, and tearing up trees by the roots. At Barnesville, Samuel Alkire and a man named Halpin were overtaken by the flood and drowned. From that point down to the mouth of the river the destruction is complete. On Sandyville, an immense drift pile over a mile long was full of houses and the bodies of sheep, horses and cattle. A band of thieves has been stealing from the already distressed people, who have armed themselves, and will lynch every man caught in unlawful acts. The county commissioners have returned from Tygart, and report that section completely ruined. Not a single house remains, and in most instances no vestige of cultivation can be found. Twenty-five of the dead have been identified. At Wadesville not a single store is left, and at Morristown only two houses remain. It would be impossible to enumerate the individual losses. The loss in the county will exceed $500,000. Wirt and Jackson counties are nearly ruined.

When the Energies Flag

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. T. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

Editor's Table.

The prince of all the Magazines, "Harper's New Monthly Magazine," for August, is on our table, with a table of contents rich in every respect. Three artists join in the principal pictorial construction—Austin Dobson, who writes a Prologue and Epilogue, and Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, who invoke the spirit and intent of them in twelve drawings. The two poems belong to "The Quiet Life," which is said to be the title of a forthcoming book, to be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. With his pencil Alfred Parsons also makes of Wordsworth's sonnet "How Sweet it is," a poem and picture exceedingly

Poetry.

Across the Wheat.

You ask me for the sweetest sound mine ears have ever heard?
A sweeter than the rippin' plash or trilling of a bird,
Than tapping of the rain drops upon the roof at night,
Than the sighing of the pine-trees on yonder mountain height;
And I tell you, these are tender, yet never quite so sweet,
As the murmur and the cadence of the wind across the wheat.

Have you watched the golden billows in a sunlit sea of grain,
Ere yet the reaper bounds the sheaves, to fill the cracking wain?
Have you thought how snow and tempest, and the bitter wintry cold,
Were but the guardian angels, the next year's yield to hold,
A precious thing, unharmed by the turmoil of the day
Just waiting, growing, silently, until the storm went by!

Oh! have you lifted up your heart, to Him who loves us all,
And listens, through the angel-songs, if but a sparrow fall,
And then, thus thinking of His hand, what symphony of power
As the music in the long refrain, the wind across the wheat?
It hath its softest echoes, from many a lullaby,
Where the cradled babe is hushed beneath the mother's loving eye.

It hath its heaven promise, as sure as heaven's throne,
That He who sent the manna, will ever feed His own;
And, through an atom only 'mid the countless hosts who sing,
The Maker's never ceasing watch, the Father's deathless care,
That thou art dear to Him, as my dear child to me;
He by the rose me from my place, through all eternity;
You wonder when it sings me *this* there's nothing half so sweet,
Beneath the circling planets as the wind across the wheat?

Our Story Teller.

THE FIRST INAUGURAL BALL.

It was an afternoon in the early spring of the year 1789—one of those days when the sun's warm radiance is unchecked either by cloud or touch of recent winter in the air.

Over the Boston road a family coach was lumbering sleepily on its way to the city of New York, and behind it, upon a stocky bay horse, which gallantly bore his majestic rider's weight, rode Judge Jared Chester, the owner of the horse and of the coach, and the father of the two young ladies whose pretty faces were looking with eager frequency through the windows of the vehicle.

Abney on the left, beyond the new-leafed trees, the spires of the town were faintly to be seen, and at such viable promise of their long-anticipated goal the wondering interest of the two young travellers was at its height. The younger pushed back the hood to her cape, and thrust her face far out into the balmy, earth-scented air.

"Jonathan might drive faster if he would," she said, impatiently, gazing with wide blue eyes toward the city's illumination. "How strange it will be to us, Mildred! I do long to be there."

She was a rosy, dimpled little creature, dancing in her every movement, and curls and flesh and cheeks rather like a tired, eager child than a young lady on the eve of her formal introduction to the world.

Her sister Mildred, on the contrary, showed to the full her twenty years of life's discipline. Hers was a fair, fine cut face, and dignified, well controlled manner. Even the dust and fatigue of the day's travel had but lightly set their mark upon her.

"The town will be strange to us, I make no doubt," she said, gently. "But have you no fear, Mollie, that we may be as strange to it—that we might seem ill bred, because we have seen so little, and so Aunt Hobart be ashamed of us?"

"Aunt Hobart ashamed of us, indeed!" was the scornful answer. "And pray should not her brother's children be as well born as she? And if we have not been much abroad (ill now, are we not company in our father's house. Why, then, should we fear?"

Further conversation upon the subject was here interrupted by the voice of Judge Chester, who rode up to explain to them their whereabouts; and as he again fell back a slight turn in the road brought them into a suburb of the city where darkness of the trees hid the distant prospect from view, and upon either hand splendid mansions appeared through the shrubbery with various degrees of distinctness. As they passed further, the increasing number of other vehicles and pedestrians attracted their excited attention.

"Here are other people, and there are two—two besides!" exclaimed Mollie in delight; "and they come more and more. It must be market day."

Mildred smiled doubtfully. "I do not think there is a market day in a great city," she said. "People have been coming like us to see how they will make the President, and when 30 or 40 new ones come each day there must soon be very many."

"If John Wadleigh should rise up among them all," said Mollie, "that would be the grandest thing! I wish that we might see him, Mildred, and Mr. Barton, too."

Mildred's faint color was heightened. "It is forward in you to wish that," she said, with some constraint.

"But if I cannot help wishing it! and I see no harm in it. I will ask Bonmour of Isabor city," she said. "People have been coming like us to see how they will make the President, and when 30 or 40 new ones come each day there must soon be very many."

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"But if I cannot help wishing it! and I see no harm in it. I will ask Bonmour of Isabor, and then he is so fine and handsome, and has been so much in the town that all must know him for a gentleman. I think we should be proud to see him."

"But Mr. Barton," said Mildred hesitating. "It might be no harm to wish to see John. But you spoke of Mr. Barton."

"Ah, did I?" answered Mollie, indifferently. "I had forgot. See, Mildred, see; a soldier! Quick! upon this side. Did you see how brave he looked? I shall love New York; I am sure of it."

Mrs. Hobart's residence was a square brick structure situated well within the city upon a corner of two streets. Standing within its doorway, she presently received her travellers with hospitality. In appearance she was a white-haired, dignified lady of perhaps 50 years, wearing a snowy cap, kerchief and apron, and a dark homespun gown of rich quality whose pride lighted her kind eyes as she beheld her nieces.

"These should be mine, brother," she said, looking admiringly upon them. "It is not ever the way with the old world that such as they should be motherless, and such as I childless?"

"What is, is for the best, Elizabeth," Judge Chester answered, gravely.

"And it is for the best that they are with me now," she returned, the momentary shadow passing from her face. "There with no grandchildren or children, and I have heard those speaking of your coming who will see you rightly placed in all. Young Wadleigh has been here, Brother, you can say how much like your born son at home. Ah! there are no young men like them that come out of Massachusetts; bear that in mind, my girls."

The week which followed were days of enjoyment to Mildred, of enchantment to Mollie. From the first morning of their stay they were sought out by those of their aunt's friends who had children of their arrival, and their beauty quickly widened the circle of their acquaintance. To Mollie to greater of young men paid their court, for she was more vivacious in her merry laugh and lively speech, while Mildred was more silent and difficult to please.

Mildred in these days was becoming trouble for her sister. There was frequently that in Mollie's manner which seemed to her lacking in becoming modesty; and although she remonstrated, her words brought but the briefest show of reform.

At first knowing only John Wadleigh, Mollie accepted his attentions with her sweetest grace; but thereafter, upon the appearance of his fashionable former acquaintance, Eliott Barton, she seemingly forgot John's devotion, until, still later, meeting that dashing soldier, Colonel Grinell, she turned capricious against and decried her other admirers as "youths," while enjoying the fascinations of her new conquest.

There was much shopping and visiting during those days, when, being close at their aunt's side, Mildred's fears were at rest regarding her sister; but at early evening of the second week she was left to the companionship of men of his age and station, while Mrs. Hobart, tired with the business of the day, would rest and nap in her chair, and leave the nieces and their young friends to themselves.

One afternoon they strolled out-of-doors through the city and upon the Battery, which afforded a cooling breeze to the year's little breeze. A rosy light from the departing sun came over the burnished waves, flushing the formal popular spires and the new-leafed branches of the willows. At anchor in the harbor lay the frigates and other vessels awaiting the morrow, which was to witness their triumphal splendor, while among them the smaller craft moved about, bearing loads of pleasure seekers upon little tours of inspection. Ashore a great throng enjoyed the goodly night with beaming eyes. The glow of proud anticipation, which all shared, warmed each heart toward its country and its neighbor. It would have been hard to find one sour or secret face.

Among this company, and of it, walked Mildred Chester, having John Wadleigh and Eliott Barton upon either side. They were well-built men, rather above the medium height and weight, and being of similar taste and disposition, had become fast friends at college and at the law school, where their course was not yet complete.

Mildred, who found little charm in new faces, was never so unrestrained and merry as in the society of her young neighbor and his friend, whom she had met in John's company at her home. Among such members of strangers as she now daily encountered, his voice had nearly as welcome and familiar a sound as John's own.

As for Miss Mollie, she had thought neither for John Wadleigh nor for Barton. Though three days she had been faithful to Colonel Grinell—to his spaniolettes, to his shining buttons, his heavy-hilted sword—and at his side she now walked, dazzled and delighted with her surroundings.

"And General Washington will come tomorrow," she said, with a small sigh "and there will be only duty for you after that."

"Wherever I may be, my heart will be with you," he answered, gallantly. "But may I not see you at the landing? Shall you not be there?"

"No; Aunt Hobart fears to be among so many. We went this morning to the stairs, and brought some banners for the draping; so we saw where it will be; and even if not sooner, we shall see General Washington at the ball."

As they came nearer to the water they stopped among those who looked out upon its lovely surface; behind them the gay crowd drifted by.

"If one sailed away in a right line," said Mollie, raising her arm, from which the cloak fell back, to point the course, "where would he come at last?"

As she spoke she turned her head to Colonel Grinell, standing behind her, who, in mock anxiety to know the exact direction that she would indicate, bent his own head that his eye might fall in a line with the uplifted arm and finger.

But here John Wadleigh interposed. "You will catch a cold," he said, in a voice of displeasure. "And it is time to return. Your aunt will be troubled."

Mollie would have objected, but in spite of this, and of Colonel Grinell's pleading remonstrance, Mildred carried the point against her.

Frequently before, Mollie had been able to annoy the faithful John into leaving her with any rival whom she might be favoring; but to-night, ignore or quarrel with him as she would, he declined to notice her displeasure, and upon their arrival at Mrs. Hobart's mansion he was still beside her.

"And where is Mildred, then?" was Mrs. Hobart's question. "Was not Mildred with you?"

"She is with Mr. Barton," Mollie answered. "They will be here very soon. Ah, yes, the foolish ones," she thought, gazing wistfully from the window into the gathering dusk, "they will hasten, though they need not." And even as she thought her sister appeared in the doorway.

Contrary to custom, Mildred spoke very briefly to the different members of the company present; and then, bending over her aunt's chair, asked her permission to go to her room.

Mollie laughed. "Mildrid cannot forgive me," she said, mischievously, "because I would have been longer by the water. When next I walk, aunt, Mildred shall stay with you."

But Mildred did not remain to defend herself. A little late Mollie entered her room, and, casting her hat and cloak upon a chair, stood with neck and arms waiting until Mildred should turn and see her.

"Are you sweet?" she asked, looking up inquisitively at her sister, with her head upon one side. "Ah, you are laughing, and I am glad, because I have something to show you. Some one has written some verses for me. See they are here. I found them in the doorway."

Mildrid glanced at the paper and started. "Are they surely yours?" she asked, putting a light hand before her sister's eyes. "You should not read them if they be not surely yours."

Mollie laughed and put away the hand. "They are not Mr. Barton's writing," she said, "and they begin 'To M.,' and 'M' is for Me. Now shall I not read them? Listen."

But Mildred turned hastily away. "I at least will not hear them," she said. "Since they are for you, they cannot be for me."

There was a short silence, then. "You lose little," said Mollie, throwing down the paper, and betaking herself to her toilette. It is all about 'heavenly eyes' and 'stately mien.' To call me stately! He was more anxious to fit a verse than me. One line to tell fair and silent to be stately. like you, Mildred. *Mildred!*"

Mildred was standing at the mirror with her back well toward the room, but at Mollie's cry she suddenly turned slowly and faced her sister. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes were filled with tears.

"You know now," she said, in a low, steady voice. "The verses are mine; give them to me."

Mechanically Mollie took up the paper and placed it in her sister's hand. Her sister seemed to read, but did not. "But, Mildred," she said, "how could he dare write verses to you? He might write them to me and mean nothing, but not to you. And father will not have him to marry either of us. I heard him say to Aunt Hobart that he thought young Barton a wild youth, and though Aunt Hobart said that he was of the best Rhode Island families, and that youths would all be wild, still father would not hear."

But Mildred, in the face of growing difficulty, only seemed to gain composure. "People can change in time," she said quietly; "Why may not father also?"

The great day of the landing had come and gone, and preparations were rapidly making for the still greater day of the inauguration. The city was alive with soldiers and sight-seers, and gay with flying flags and beating drums. Day after day Mrs. Hobart's guests devoted to visiting and the enjoyment of new experiences; and so the week flew by.

The perfection of spring weather adorned the morning of the inauguration. Very early crowds were abroad securing places in the churches, or upon the streets through which the distinguished company must pass. From a window upon Broad street those of whom we write witnessed the ceremony taking place upon the balcony of the Federal building, and even across the thousands of shifting heads below they felt the impressive dignity of that broad, clad central figure. And then the booming salutes, the resounding cheers, the flying kerchiefs—ah! what a glorious scene!

However thoroughly Judge Chester's daughters might have enjoyed themselves heretofore, the week succeeding the inauguration proved to them more filled with interest than any which had preceded it.

Ever since the night of the ball certain verses had fallen between them the sisters had been more in sympathy than ever before. They spoke together no further upon the subject, but they knew Mildred avoided the possibility of tete-a-tete communication with her lover and between admiration of her sister's discretion and pity for Barton's fruitless devotion, she found little time to think of herself or her fancies.

A prettier sight could not be imagined than was Mollie Chester on the evening of the ball, in her gown of filmiest, palest blue, with her fair hair filled with pearls, and its delicate brilliancy of her color; but pretties of all, perhaps, was her delighted pride in her sister Mildred's white robed stateliness.

"*He* will see you," she ventured to say, as they were leaving the room. "Oh, Mildred, be kind to him to-night!"

And now Mollie's heart was half danced away. An evening of unalloyed delight it had been to Mollie, for the first President of the United States had taken her trembling hand in his, and gold lace and epaulettes were over at her side.

Presently, as she closed a dance with one of those who had sought her oftenest through the evening, a second admirer pressed forward, bearing a small folded paper in his hand.

"I took this from my lazy fellow without," he said to her. "He pretended to have ordered me to give it as you were leaving, but that was, I knew, a trick to save himself trouble. Commend my honesty," he added, gazing at her with ardent eyes. "It is a little-doux—a sonnet—yet I have brought it."

She smiled upon him brightly as she glanced at the paper. It was in Barton's hand, announcing her his happiness perhaps. She had scarcely seen him during the evening, save at Mildred's side, and he had learned, it might be, of her own concession in his behalf. She would not read his words just then. But as she was about folding the scrap her eye caught the first sentence written upon it.

"*Mildred and I part to-night,*" she read, and then remained motionless, gazing at the paper, blind to its few further words, deaf to the sounds about her.

The terrible sense of necessity for action recalled her to herself. She looked toward her aunt, engaged in conversation with Madame Duane; and her father? Ah, she dared not!

At last she raised her eyes to her waiting companion. All the roses were gone from her cheeks. "It is bad news, sir," she managed to say to him. "I must see John. Will you remember me, do you please, to John Wadleigh. I will go with you ana seek him."

From what place soever Mollie Chester might be, John Wadleigh was never far removed. In a very few minutes they came upon him overlooking the dancers from a doorway, when, with little ceremony, Mollie left the side of her escorting valvalier, who turned back into the room with a half-smile.

"It's a duel about her, or my name's not Grinell," he said to himself. "And never for a mess I've made of it! Ah, lucky John! I'd chance a shot from him myself for his good fortune, and thank him too."

Meanwhile poor Mollie received such a shock as this? Like Mollie, Wadleigh dared not inform him. It might kill him—or drive him to denounce his daughter before the whole assembly.

"They can have been gone but a short time," John said presently. "I might overtake them if I knew—"

Mollie interrupted him. Nothing could have helped her to preserve an outward calm as did the consciousness of her father's near presence. Even now in this second shock of hope, she was able to retain control of all but her voice and words.

"You will follow them," she said, speaking brokenly and rapidly, but very softly. "You will bring her back. Ah, John, dear John, there's nobody like you in all the world! Go—go now. Do not lose time."

"But you—you must be taken home."

"No, no; they would miss her then. I will stay and dance."

"Dance?" You could not do it. The suspenae—"

"I can do it. Oh, do not stay to think of me. Only bring her back. Promise—father is coming—promise and go."

He took her hand and bent over it formally. "My task is easier than yours," he said—"I promise." Then he turned away and left her.

Only once he looked back, and amid the glitter of brilliant lights and gay costumes he saw Judge Chester present his friends to his daughter. He saw her slender white-robed figure courtesy deeply once, again and again, and the sparkle of the light upon his tears blinded him. "I have loved her, though I have never known her," he thought as he hurried away.

Without, in the cool half darkness of the street, he forgot all but the desire to accomplish the mission upon which she had sent him. Relieved from his first anxiety by the recollection that there was but one road which the fugitives would be likely to take, he set himself to inquire among the crowd of idlers and gossiping servants who hung about the door where a good horse was to be had for hire; and singling out a man whose knowledge best suited his need, he bribed and urged him to the utmost haste.

"Ride me the horse here," he said; "I will stay by your coach. I have but a moment to care about me, but only bring the right beast, and quickly, and you shall have the money twice over to-morrow."

Not above a half-hour thereafter Wadleigh found himself riding over the cobble pavement of Broadway toward the country. Although the day had been fair and clear, the sky had been overcast since the evening. It was very dark and a chill, damp breeze was rising; but he, well wrapped in the folds of his cloak, and having for the present only to follow the straight street before him, paid no heed to his surroundings, but set himself to think over the task which he had undertaken.

In their every relation Barton had been his loyal friend and supporter, ever showing himself to be a gentleman's son, true to his wildest youthful pranks, and scorning a mean or dishonest act. What, then, had come to him to-night? and what had come to Mildred, to so far forget the dignified reserve which had ever been her own? And what had come to Mollie, able to take upon her childish self that dignity which Mildrid had forgotten, and to display heroism dazzling to remember? And then, great heaven! what had come to him, Wadleigh, who, with no single past grudge must bound this dearest friend perhaps to his death? His brain fairly reeled under the realizing sense of his position.

"He's no scoundrel; I'll swear it," he muttered, urging on his horse. "But he shall get no injury to people so—he shall! Mildred should turn and see her.

"Are you sweet?" she asked, looking up inquisitively at her sister, with her head upon one side. "Ah, you are laughing, and I am glad, because I have something to show you. Some one has written some verses for me. See they are here. I found them in the doorway."

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The great day of the landing had come and gone, and preparations were rapidly making for the still greater day of the inauguration. The city was alive with soldiers and sight-seers, and gay with flying flags and beating drums. Day after day Mrs. Hobart's guests devoted to visiting and the enjoyment of new experiences; and so the week flew by.

The perfection of spring weather adorned the morning of the inauguration. Very early crowds were abroad securing places in the churches, or upon the streets through which the distinguished company must pass. From a window upon Broad street those of whom we write witnessed the ceremony taking place upon the balcony of the Federal building, and even across the thousands of shifting heads below they felt the impressive dignity of that broad, clad central figure. And then the booming salutes, the resounding cheers, the flying kerchiefs—ah! what a glorious scene!

However thoroughly Judge Chester's daughters might have enjoyed themselves heretofore, the week succeeding the inauguration proved to them more filled with interest than any which had preceded it.

Ever since the night of the ball certain verses had fallen between them the sisters had been more in sympathy than ever before. They spoke together no further upon the subject, but they knew Mildred avoided the possibility of tete-a-tete communication with her lover and between admiration of her sister's discretion and pity for Barton's fruitless devotion, she found little time to think of herself or her fancies.

A prettier sight could not be imagined than was Mollie Chester on the evening of the ball, in her gown of filmiest, palest blue, with her fair hair filled with pearls, and its delicate brilliancy of her color; but prettiest